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Original Poetry.

VERSES,

BY G. M. L. BURNSIDE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

How peaceful in their rest who lie within an early grave,
Whose souls undimmed by time and toil returned to God who gave;
Though long untouched and tuneless quite, my harp at last is strung
To sing their melancholy praise who died when they were young.

Let not the happy and the proud, of health and hope unshorn,
In careless gaiety regard this lay of mine with scorn;
And one kind wish shall be for all those lines may go among,
That they may never count them blest who died when they were young.

They lie beneath their grassy knolls, 'mid foliage green and dim,
Near where the mingled sounds of prayer and praise ascend to Him,
And nightly weeps the willow, where it long has wept and hung,
Above the quiet graves of those who died when they were young.

They never walked on life's highway, so dusty and so dry,
With aching head, and eyes that quail'd beneath the brassy sky,
But like a drop of dew exhaled from the leaf to which it clung,
With morning's freshness on them yet, they died when they were young.

Sweet are the earnestness of youth, and childhood's holy trust,
Ere friendship's store of hope is turned like Dead Sea fruit to dust;
Nor 'neath a visage calm and pale, and strictly guarded tongue,
Were hid the burning thoughts of those who died when they were young.

But out upon repining, and with faith both meek and bold,
Trust the great Master will requite the feeblest of His fold;
Forgive this momentary doubt, this strain from misery rung,
I call it back, nor envy those who died while they were young.

Shreveport, Louisiana.

SONGS OF OLD SAYINGS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY HENRY MORFORD.

NEVER TOO LATE.

'Tis idle to mourn over perishing gold,
Or to weep for a fond hope betrayed,
For the fair tree of Knowledge springs up, as of old,
From the dust where our errors are laid;
'Tis folly to think that the world is our foe,
And heap bitter words upon fate,
For one glorious hope fights the world with its glow,
While we live it is NEVER TOO LATE.

'Tis weak to grow haughty in fortune and power,
Forgetting the nature we bear,
But 'tis weaker to fail in life's stormiest hour,
And fold up our hands in despair.
What might have been done in the time that is past,
May be done e'en to-day—by the great;
If we only will bind opportunity fast,
And think it is NEVER TOO LATE.

Crowns have fallen away from the foreheads of kings,
Who faltered a moment, and feared,
While the hopeful and bold from the commonest things,
The proudest of monuments reared;
The heroes of life are the men of all time,
Who calmly their trial await,
Who shrink not to delve, and who fear not to climb,
And know it is NEVER TOO LATE.

Pictures of Life.

FARMER TREMAIN.

A Tale of Superstition.

The incident related in the following slight sketch is characteristic of the peculiar people and interesting district of the "far West" of England, where I resided for two years, domiciled in a solitary cottage, beautifully situated on the slope of a deep valley.

I was sitting in the embrasure of a bay-window, which commanded a lovely prospect of hill and vale, wood and water, with a peep of the town and its church spire in the distance, when the sound of many human voices, chanting a solemn hymn, broke on the silence of the still Summer afternoon.

The voices arose from the opposite side of the valley, where I beheld a cavalcade of men, women and children, some in carts some on horseback, but mostly on foot, reaching from the bridge to about midway up the winding ascent. At that point the road widened a little, and there was a large flat stone, covered with moss and lichens, around which a crowd had collected, the men with their hats off, the women in various attitudes of devotion, but all joining earnestly in the sacred service.

It was a funeral procession; and after a more lengthened sojourn in that peaceful valley, I found the ceremony one of constant recurrence; the winding road before named leading to the burial-ground of the widely-extended parish, and the flat stone on the hill-side being the usual resting-place for the weary bearers with their coffined load. On the present occasion, I found that some curious circumstances attending the death of the deceased, had rendered the "wake," as it was called, a spectacle of more than usual interest in the country side.

Farmer Tremain, for fifty years, had lived on the small but flourishing patrimony, with its substantial homestead, which had descended to him from his fathers; he was a popular and jovial personage, much respected by his neighbors, who consulted him on all occasions of emergency. He had never travelled twenty miles beyond his native farm, so that his sagacity was homespun, and his knowledge of human nature must have been pretty nearly intuitive. He had a prudent wife and goodly children, and was contented and happy; till, on an evil day, he was tempted by a speculative proprietor to take a share in the deserted mine of Wheal Rose—a mine which had been abandoned on account of water gaining ground, and the produce not equalling the outlay required; but which some wise heads, and Farmer Tremain's into the bargain, determined to patronize once more, in the mysterious belief (for they could not explain the *why*) that an undiscovered lode of rich ore lay concealed beneath. It was indeed whispered abroad that Farmer Tremain had recourse to the forked branch of hazel, which, on being loosely held in the hand of the searcher, points downwards wherever ore is beneath the earth's surface; thus indicating the exact spot where the hidden treasure is to be found.

Farmer Tremain was a prudent man, and he took care not to involve himself very deeply; but the mine was fourteen miles away from his dwelling, and he harassed himself, and rode backwards and forwards on his good horse Dobbin in all weathers: he superintended the few miners set to work, and overlooked the accounts in the shed dignified by the name of "counting-house;" and continually got wet through, as the subtile mist gathered over the dreary hills, and, unlike legitimate down-pouring rain, renders all usual protection unavailing. Dobbin was a steady-paced, slow beast, though he had been known, once or twice during a course of years, to take extraordinary freaks into his Roman-nosed head, on occasions of sudden alarm, when he set off like a mad creature.

It was on a dark, howling Winter's night that Farmer Tremain mounted his sturdy horse, and gladly turned from Wheal Rose on his homeward route. A heavy mist had been falling all day, and the clouds were driving across the sky, scarcely permitting the moon at rare intervals to peep forth. The wayfarer on those lonely barren hills could not see a yard before him; and perchance he thought of his comfortable home and blazing hearth—of his kind, comely dame and his rosy daughters—and wished to be among them, instead of where he was, with so long, cold, and cheerless a ride before him. Perchance, too, he wished that he had never been induced to engage in the turmoil and anxiety of mining speculation, but had been contented with his humble lot and hard-worked-for gains.

However this may be, he jogged forwards, perhaps about five miles on his way, when suddenly Dobbin stood still, began to snort in an unusual key, and positively refused to move another step; on the contrary, backed in such a determined manner, that neither coaxing, exhortation, nor whipping succeeded in changing his obstinate resolution. What was to be done? It was very strange, for Dobbin never took such whims into his head for nothing. So Farmer Tremain dismounted, and endeavored to lead him; but he tugged and tugged in vain. Dobbin planted his forefeet firmly, and remained immovable. As the farmer was struggling with the refractory animal, his foot struck against something which sounded hollow on the middle of the road; but it was so dark just then, that he could not discern what the obstacle was; so he stooped down to feel and as he passed his hands over its length and breadth, his blood curdled—for it was a coffin.—Farmer Tremain was a superstitious man, as are all his people; but he had strong nerves, and was not easily frightened or daunted; so he patted Dobbin's Roman nose, and spoke encouragingly to him, for the poor creature was shivering strangely. He then succeeded in striking a light the materials for which he always carried about him; and with the help of the moon which emerged from behind the dark clouds, and cast its partial light on the scene, he saw that it was a common black coffin, evidently made for a full-grown large individual. After pausing a moment, he opened it: it was empty. "I will see *who* it be for though," quoth Farmer Tremain bravely, as he with some difficulty traced the inscription on the ordinary plate, which ran thus—"John Tremain, aged fifty years." His own name—his own age!

He gasped for a moment, and his eyes started in their sockets, glaring almost as widely as did the horse, which, with protruding eyes, distended nostrils, and ears thrown back, exhibited every symptom of terror and abhorrence. Farmer Tremain's sensations were very odd; and he longed for a glass of brandy, as he remembered there was a wayside house of refreshment a little way further on to the right; so privately arranging in his own mind to call there, he began to work himself into a towering passion with Dobbin, who strenuously resisted all efforts to urge him across the dismal barrier. Yet his master could not muster up sufficient resolution to place it on one side, for it lay entirely across the narrow road, and the horse must leap over it.

Excited, angry, and not knowing very well what he did, Farmer Tremain, making a step of the coffin, bounded on his horse, exclaiming, "Thee shalt taste the butt end, Maister Dobbin!" at the same time striking the animal with all his force repeated and violent blows on the head and shoulders with the heavy handle of his whip. In a moment afterwards the fearful obstacle was cleared, and Dobbin rushed recklessly forward, as he had never rushed before, and probably never did again.

But Dobbin reached Tremain farm alone, panting, bruised, and covered with blood and foam. His unfortunate master was found about three miles from home, where, on some granitic rocks by the roadside, he lay apparently dead. It was supposed that he had been dragged along for a considerable distance, after he was thrown by the panic-stricken horse, which at length stumbled, and rolled over him. Farmer Tremain recovered speech and recollection for a while, sufficiently to explain and comment on the "warning" which he believed himself to have received; and also to lament his passion and ill-judged harshness towards the faithful steed which had borne him safely for so many years. But the "warning" was explained to the sufferer ere he breathed his last, which sad event too place a few days after the accident occurred. It seems that the bearers of the coffin, which had been the cause of so much mischief, being slightly inebriated, had heedlessly left it on that lonely road, while they repaired to the nearest ale house, little dreaming that any one would pass the unfrequented way at so late an hour. Had Farmer Tremain mastered his superstitious dread, kept his temper, and pushed the empty shell aside, his scared horse might have been led quietly past; and as he would in all probability have sought the same refuge as these men, for the same "consolation," the whole would have been satisfactorily explained. The coincidence of the name was by no means singular, it being a common one in that part of the country; the coffin was intended for a laborer just deceased, whose solitary hut was within a mile or two of the spot, and whose age happened to correspond with that of his namesake.

Such was the recital I listened to, and it was the crowded wake of Farmer Tremain which I had witnessed; but the singular circumstances attending his melancholy end were not so easily disposed of by the wonder-seeking peasantry. To reason or to argue was robbing them of a pleasant error, and of an added legend to the general stock; and on that balmy summer afternoon, when I first heard the hymn chanted over the dead, on the hill-side of our peaceful valley, I am sure that the eyes of the assembled throng traced the inscription of "John Tremain, aged fifty years," on the coffin-plate with sensations of unusual awe and undefinable apprehension. I remember thinking at the time that here was another proof, if proof were needed, of the baneful effect of superstitious fear acting on an unlettered mind; and that it involved an impressive lecture respecting patience and kindly treatment towards dumb creatures, and the evil of giving way to the impulse of passion.

"THE DARK HOUR."

BY BERTHOLD AUERBACH.
TRANSLATED BY META TAYLOR.

Most men, who live in the home-circle of their families, enjoy spending "the dark hour" in quiet. Children grow restless about this time, but the elder folks draw over the fire, and sit musing silently, or now and then exchanging a gentle word of affection. These are moments when the mind receives and imparts the most refreshing and purest thoughts. There seems to be a general reluctance to break the approaching darkness by lighting a candle; for all unconsciously, have a certain feeling of the holy power of nature, which spreads out before us, so oft unheeded, the wonderful phenomena of light and darkness. Oh, the cozy, comfortable chat in the dark hour! One sits looking at another by the flickering light of the fire, and the few words spoken are caught attentively: the eye, too, has repose, for the mind is undisturbed by the object on which it rests. A single word will often fall upon the ear like an impressive note of music, and convey feeling which long after finds an echo in the soul.

Farmer Hagenmaier was one evening sitting thus in the parlor with his wife, his son, and his son's wife. The wedding of the young couple had take place only the day before, and the joy occasioned by the event was fresh in the minds of all. For some time no one spoke a word, and yet one feeling—perhaps one thought—filled their minds. Young Hagenmaier had hold of the hand of his wife, who sat beside him; perhaps the old man guessed the joy there was in his child's heart; he was ensconced in a dark corner, unseen, and thus at length broke the silence:—"Ah, children, 'tis an easy matter to talk of loving one another with your whole heart, and to promise to hold fast your love through life; but when it comes to the point, and you have to yield to each other, to control the will for mutual improvement, 'tis often a difficult task, and words are not then enough. There are times when a man is ready to go through fire to serve his wife; but, without a murmur to drink a cup of coffee which she may have let heedlessly grow cold—believe me, that's a less easy matter.

The words of Scripture are full of meaning, which tell us of the foolish virgins whose lamps were extinguished when the bridegroom came: for many a heart is hardened by self-will, whereas every one ought to be prompt to catch and to enjoy the highest happiness. You see, children, in what love and harmony your mother and I live; but do not imagine that this came with a struggle: *I* was especially obstinate and self-willed, for in my young days I led a careless, independent life. Hark ye, I'll tell you two stories of the time soon after our marriage, and you may learn a lesson from them—I warrant me you will.

"Well do I recollect my delight the Sunday when I was to go to church with my wife for the first time. We had been chatting away the time unawares that morning, till starting up, I exclaimed, 'Come, quick! we shall be too late for church.' My wife ran to her chamber to dress.—I was ready long before she was, and waiting for her: she had constantly some little matter still to arrange. At first I begged her, in a gentle tone, and jokingly, to be quick; but presently I called louder, entreating and urging her to make haste.—Three times did I fill and light my pipe. Each time it went out, as I stood kicking my heels impatiently, calling to her at the chamber door. At such moments one feels as if standing upon hot coals, or, in other words, in the fidgets. My face was as red as scarlet when she at length made her appearance. I could not speak, and we left the house.

"We had not gone many steps, when my wife recollected something that she had left behind. All the keys had now to be got out—all the closets to be opened. I stayed waiting in the street, and it seemed to me an age till she returned. I thought of going to church alone, but I was ashamed; and when at last she appeared with a smiling face, and began to pull up my shirt-collar playfully, I turned angrily on my heel, and said in a gruff voice, 'Go and dress yourself—you are long enough about it forsooth!' And we walked to church in this manner, without exchanging a word more.

"My cheeks glowed with vexation and anger, both with my wife and myself, as I entered the church. My wife went to her seat. Had she once turned round to look for me? I knew not. I leaned against a pillar, and was as stiff as the stone itself. From time to time I caught a word the clergyman said, but instantly forgot him again, and stood staring at the roof and walls, and thinking what a lofty and cold building it was. This had never come into my head before; and I was angry with myself that my thoughts were so distracted, and that I could pay no attention to the sermon.—It now occurred to me that this was owing to the misunderstanding with my wife; how indeed could I take to my heart what I heard at such a moment? I longed to make it all up, and looked round at her: she did not, however, raise her eyes, and this vexed me again. Was not *she* in the wrong? thought I; and ought not she therefore to beg my pardon for dawdling and wasting my time in a way to drive one mad? Look ye, children, thus it is with a man when he gets out of temper, and deceives himself about his own heart and conduct. I was angry with my wife, even for being able to say her prayers so calmly, since she had offended me: and in this manner I behaved like a good-for-nothing fellow, both before and during church time, and imbittered that hour which might have been one of the brightest and happiest of my life. Our misunderstanding might very likely soon have been at an end, if I could have taken my wife's hand, and spoken a kind word with her; but we were separated in the church, and it seemed to me as if our quarrel had estranged our hearts for ever."

The good woman was here going to interrupt her husband, but he said, "Nay, nay, lovie; let me tell my story out: I have another to follow; and then you may have all the after piece to yourself. So you may imagine, children, that we soon made matters up again; for your mother, in her young days, was a merry soul; and whenever I put on a sour look, and was out of temper, she would laugh at me so good-humoredly, that I was forced to laugh, too. And then I could not understand how it was I had been so pettish—and all for the merest trifle, not worth speaking of; but the fact is, when a man's anger is up, he does not understand this.

"Well, now for the other story: it is about just such another half hour's trial of temper. The wedding of our cousin at Lichtenau was fixed to take place; we were invited to it, and were to be there punctually at a certain hour. The day came, and it was high time to start—there was not a moment to lose. I had put to the old gray mare (which we had at that time), and stood cracking my whip at the door. Your mother seemed as if she would never come. I sent up every woman that passed to help her to get ready. I knew she would not like this, and I did it just on purpose to tease her. What business had she to keep me waiting there? When at length she did come, I rated her soundly. You mother bit her lips as she got into the chaise, and she held her handkerchief up to her eyes the whole while we drove through the village; whilst I kept on whipping the old mare, till she kicked fore and aft. But when we got outside the village, your mother began to weep, and said, 'For Heaven's sake, husband, how can you act thus, and put yourself and me both to shame before all the folks!'

"These words cut me to the heart: I recollected our first walk to church—my wife was now by my side. I threw the reins on the old mare's neck, and stuck the whip behind me: it was time to put reins upon myself; and I may say with truth that I have thoroughly repented my hastiness of temper. But you see how one can tell, from such trifles as these, whether the true light still burns in the heart. The few minutes that I had thus twice to wait proved to me hours of trial; and thenceforth I learned to study the temper and enter into the wishes of others. Think of this, children, if you meet with a similar trial."

"Now comes the afterpiece!" cried the good woman. "And you have forgotten to say, husband, that from that time I never again made you wait, but was always ready before you. Come, now let us light the candles: we have had enough of the dark hour."

They did so: bright faces, lighted up with good resolutions, gazed joyously one at another.

Selected Poetry.

FROM THE HOME JOURNAL.

IN ITALY.

BY J. BAYARD TAYLOR.

Dear Lilian, all I wished is won!
I sit beneath Italia's sun,
Where olive orchards gleam and quiver
Along the banks of Arno's river.

Through laurel leaves, the dim green light
Falls on my forehead as I write,
And the sweet chimes of vesper, ringing,
Blend with the contadina's singing.

Rich is the soil with Fancy's gold;
The stirring memories of old
Rise thronging in my haunted vision,
And rouse my spirit's young ambition!

But, as the radiant sunsets close
Above Val d'Arno's bowers of rose,
My soul forgets the olden glory
And deems our love a dearer story.

Thy words, in memory's ear, outchime
The music of the Tuscan rhyme;
Thou standest here—the gentle hearted—
Amid the shades of bards departed!

Their garlands of immortal bay,
I see before thee fade away,
And turn from Petrarch's passion-glances
To my own dearer heart-romances!

Sad is the opal glow that fires
The midnight of the cypress spires,
And cold the scented wind that closes
The hearts of bright Etruscan roses!

The fair Italian dream I chased,
A single thought of thee effaced;
For the true clime of song and sun
Lies in the heart which mine hath won!

AN AMAZON.—Herwegh, the German poet, who commanded the bands of republicans lately assembled in France for the purpose of invading Germany, is accompanied by his wife, who carries four pistols and a sword, and declares that the happiest moment of her life will be that in which she shall kill a royalist officer.

Our Picture Gallery.

FROM PETERSON'S "MILITARY HEROES OF THE REVOLUTION."

GENERAL CLINTON'S ESCAPE FROM FORT CLINTON.

It would be invidious in any history of the War of Independence, to pass over the services of the two Clintons, of New York. General George Clinton, the youngest of the two brothers, contributed more than any other man in that commonwealth, to the success of the cause. His popularity and influence there were unbounded. He was Governor of the State for eighteen years, having been first elected in 1777, and afterwards continued, by triennial elections, until 1795. In 1805, he was chosen Vice President of the United States, and died in 1812, while still in possession of that high office. As he was rather a civil than a military character, we dismiss him with this brief allusion to his inestimable services.

His brother, James Clinton, a Major-General in the continental line, having been more actively employed in a military capacity, comes more properly within the scope of this work. He was the fourth son of Colonel Charles Clinton, an Irish emigrant, and was born in Ulster county, on the 19th of August, 1736. In early life he possessed few adventitious aids to success, except an excellent education, a gift which he shared in common with his four brothers. Evincing an inclination for the military life, he was appointed, in 1756, an Ensign in a militia regiment, from which rank he rose in 1758 to a Lieutenancy, and, in 1759, to a Captaincy. In 1763, he was elevated to the post of Captain-Commandant of the four companies raised to defend the Western frontiers of New York; and in 1774, he became Lieutenant Colonel of the second regiment of militia, in his native country. In the French War he participated in the capture of Fort Frontenac, and won a reputation for gallantry, resolution and military skill. At the close of the war, he married a Miss De Witt, and retired to private life. But, like other veterans of that contest, when the Revolutionary War became inevitable, he cheerfully resumed his old profession, and prepared to shed his blood for freedom. Congress immediately gave him the commission of a Colonel, and subsequently, in 1776, that of a Brigadier. It was not until the close of the strife that he attained the rank of a Major-General.

Clinton served in the expedition against Canada, under Montgomery; but his chief military achievement was the defence of Fort Clinton, on the Hudson, in October, 1777. His brother, Governor Clinton, as Commander-in-Chief, was at Fort Montgomery, its neighbor. The attack on these forts was part of a plan conceived by Sir Henry Clinton, to create a diversion in favor of Burgoyne, and open a passage up the Hudson to that unfortunate General. Accordingly, at the head of four thousand men, the British General advanced up that river, and having surrounded Forts Montgomery and Clinton, made a desperate assault upon them. They were defended by only about five hundred men, chiefly militia, while the works themselves were in a very unfinished condition. Yet the resistance, though hopeless, was glorious to our arms. Militia as well as regulars behaved with the courage of heroes. Manning their feeble lines, the Americans fought on until sundown, an incessant fire continually girdling the entrenchments, the echoes of which, reverberating through the hills, spread terror far and wide among the inhabitants of that quiet region. At last the overwhelming numbers of the enemy could be resisted no longer; and, like a solid wave of infantry, the British poured over the walls. Some few of the conquered fought their way out, while the darkness of the night assisted others to escape. Fortunately neither the Governor nor his brother were taken. The latter made an escape which is as full of romance as that of any fabled knight of chivalry.

James Clinton was the last man to abandon the works. Pursued and fired at by the enemy, and with a severe wound from a bayonet thrust, he yet succeeded in making his escape and eluding the search of the British. His servant was killed during the flight, and he now found himself alone. He knew if he retained his horse he should be detected, so, removing the bridle from the faithful animal he dismissed him, and slid down a precipice, one hundred feet in depth, to the ravine which separated the forts. A small brook threads its way through this narrow cleft. Into this Clinton fell, and luckily the cold water checked the effusion of blood from his wound. Creeping along the precipitous banks, he finally gained a part of the mountain at a distance from the fort; and here he sat down, weak and cold, to think on his still perilous situation. The return of light he knew would betray him, unless he could fortunately discover a horse, a contingency not altogether impossible, as horses sometimes ran wild in that desolate region. He watched the slow approach of dawn with anxious misgivings. One by one the stars paled, and the cold grey of the morning stole over the landscape. He was still so near the fort that he could hear the reveille. The chill dusky hue of early dawn began to redden, and at last the sun shot above the eastern hills. A few hours now, perhaps a few minutes, would reveal him to the foe. Faint from loss of blood, and stiff from exposure to the night dews, he struggled wearily on, when suddenly a neigh rose on the stillness of the morning, and a horse appeared in sight. Clinton soon succeeded in catching the prize. His bridle, which he had preserved, was now invaluable. About noon, he reached his own house, sixteen miles from the fort, his clothes torn, his person covered with blood, and a high fever raging in his veins.

Clinton was, for some time, in command of the northern department at Albany. He was subsequently attached to the main army, and was present at the capture of Cornwallis. When the British evacuated New York, Clinton made his last appearance in arms. He now retired to his ample estates. He was, however, not suffered always to enjoy the repose he had so fairly earned; but, on several occasions, was called, unsolicited, to civic honors. He was one of the convention that formed the present Federal Constitution.

James Clinton was one of the sincerest patriots the Revolution afforded. He was as superior in his qualifications for a military life, as his brother was in fitness for civil duties. In battle he was cool, ready and courageous. No crisis, however unexpected, destroyed the balance of his mind. In temper he was usually mild and affectionate; but his passions were strong, and when once aroused, terrific. The duties of ordinary life he discharged in an exemplary manner. His death occurred on the 22d of December, 1812.

Romance of History.

VICTORIA COLONNA.

A Story of the Milanese.

In the church of Santa Maggiore, in one of the suburbs of Milan, is to be seen, on the left of the altar, a portrait of a female of great beauty, in a peasant dress, though her features and air are evidently those of noble blood. The picture was a donative from the citizens, for a signal preservation effected by the illustrious and lovely subject of the following story:—

In the wars of Francis I. and Charles V., in the early part of the sixteenth century, the north of Italy, and especially the whole country of the Milanese, was devastated by the contending armies; yet still more by those troops of Condottieri, which hired themselves to either sovereign alike, and, without regarding the laws of war, lived at free quarters. They were chiefly formed of deserters from both armies, and, of course, abounded in desperate and reckless spirits; but their leaders were often men of brilliant abilities, possessing a wild but high sense of chivalric honor, and, if fierce in the field, yet ostentatiously, courtly and magnificent in their castles.

One of the most memorable of those captains of Condottieri, was Stefano Diamanti, whose first appearance in Italy instantly concentrated all eyes upon him. He had led his troop across the lower Alps from Provence, by routes which had been thought impassable for even the goatherds; and had fallen upon the Piedmontaise posted in the defiles with such extraordinary vigor and success, that several thousand men were scattered before an almost invisible enemy, and fled to the gates of Turin, exclaiming that they owed their defeat to magic. Every day brought some new account of defeat or devastation; and in quarters so remote from each other, that the first report of the Piedmontaise fugitives began to be seriously believed; and, in an age of Italian superstition, when mental darkness, military havoc, and the general tumult and disturbance of society, made men willing to take refuge in the belief, that the evil agencies of another world were busy in adding to the natural calamities of kingdoms. Diamanti was but another name for the spirit of darkness; and his gallant freebooters were speedily invested with the wings, talons, and tails of a legion of Lucifers on a smaller scale. But there was nothing imaginary in their effect; for, since the first French soldier trod the snows of the Alps, nothing had ever equalled the devastations of Diamanti, where anything in the interest of Charles was to be attacked. Wo be to the village that had ever quartered the German Lanzknechts! [a famous body of spearmen in the Imperial service] the last company of the corps was not out of the village, before it was in flames over their heads. Woe be to the Grand Convent that had sent its wine and fruits to the Imperialist General! the night was not over, before the roofs were in a blaze, the cells stript, and the high-born lord abbot and his fat community of monks were flying, half naked, through the country, and rejoiced to escape with their lives.

The results of this singular activity were among the most memorable of a war abounding in extraordinary changes and brilliant exploits. They entirely renovated, within a few months, the face of French affairs, which had been hitherto in a desponding state through the rashness and violence of Lautrec, the commandant of the troops of France in the Milanese. His celebrated defeat by Gonsalvo, named the Great Captain, and his subsequent pursuit by D'Alviano, had totally broken up his army, and driven him to take refuge in Milan. But Diamanti, the chivalric leader of the Condottieri, effected what had defied the sword and the dexterity of the French generals.

The Imperial officers were perpetually baffled, and their partizans visited with a sudden and sweeping vengeance, whose invisible agency rendered it still more terrible: until their troops, already weary of disaster, and rejoiced at an opportunity of escape, flung away their arms at the very rumor of the Condottieri's approach, and declared that though they were willing to face men, they were not enlisted to fight against Satan and his crew. The Imperialists rapidly withdrew from the Milanese, and throwing their best troops into Mantua and some of the other fortresses in their line of march to the Tyrol, moved towards the frontier.

This calm lasted a few weeks; when a strange rumor rose in Milan of an insurrection in the Bolognese, of the burning of the villages along the Adige, and of the seizure of the French Envoy on his way to France. The narrative was attended with so many singular circumstances of dexterity, bold enterprise, and rapid execution, that all tongues at once pronounced the name of Stefano Diamanti. But all those attacks had been made on the French, his former friends: the Bolognese were notoriously in the French interest, the villages on the Adige were filled with French connexions and colonists, and the seizure of the Envoy was, in itself, an act of the most contemptuous and inveterate hostility.

The cause was not explained till long after. Diamanti was the son of one of the impoverished nobles of Verona, whom the German Emperors had driven into Lombardy. Thus born in exile, and with a hereditary hostility to the Imperial influence, his first use of the sword had been to fight the battles of France; but his genius was too keen not to perceive the errors of the French generals, his spirit too bold to relish being directed by their commands, and his passion for independent enterprize too ardent to be contented with the tardy movements of regular troops. After a few campaigns in the Royal Guard, he threw his French commission at the head of the hoary coxcomb who commanded his regiment, flung his embroidered coat into the Adige, and adopting the iron helmet, scarlet cloak, and Ferrarese falchion of the Condottieri, summoned to his retreat in the Lower Alps all the daring spirits of his time.

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Victoria's first request was the safety of Milan, and her next, to be the bearer of Diamanti's proposals for the surrender. They were singularly mild, and were accepted by the citizens with acclamation.

The French garrison marched out, with a safe conduct to the Alps.

Diamanti and his bride were received with the honors of a triumph.

The Condottieri were taken into the service of the city; and Diamanti, appointed the general of the troops of Milan, long sustained the fortunes of the state with distinguishable honor, and finally founded the most illustrious family of the Milanese.

A Leaf from History.

CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

HER TRIAL AND EXECUTION.

We gave last week, a sketch of the life of Charlotte Corday, from LAMARTINE'S new work, the "History of the Girondists." We publish this week an extract relative to her trial and execution, which our readers will find unusually interesting.

When she was seated on the bench of the prisoners, she was asked if she had a defender. She replied that a friend had undertaken this office, but not seeing him, she supposed his courage had failed him. The President then assigned her the young Chauveau Legarde, afterwards illustrious in his defence of the Queen, and already famous for his eloquence and courage in causes and times when the advocate shared the peril of his client. Chauveau Legarde placed himself at the bar. Charlotte gazed on him, as though she feared lest, to save her life, her defender would abandon some part of her honor.

The widow of Marat wept while giving her evidence. Charlotte, moved by her grief, exclaimed—"Yes, yes—'twas I that killed him." She then related the premeditation of the act for three months; her project of stabbing him in the Convention; and the ruse she had employed to obtain access to him. "I confess," said she, "with humility, that this means was unworthy of me, but it was necessary to appear to esteem this man in order to obtain access to him."

"Who inspired you with this hatred of Marat?" she was asked.

"I did not need the hatred of any one else," she replied. "My own was sufficient; besides, you always execute badly that which you have not devised yourself."

"What did you hate in him?"

"His crimes."

"What did you hope to effect by killing him?"

"Restore peace to my country."

"Do you then think that you have assassinated all the Marats?"

"Since he is dead, perhaps the others will tremble."

The knife was shown her, that she might recognise it. She pushed it from her with a gesture of disgust. "Yes," she replied, "I recognise it."

"What persons did you visit at Caen?"

"Very few; I saw Larue, a municipal officer, and the Cure of Saint Jean."

"Did you confess to a conforming or conjuring Priest?"

"Neither one nor the other."

"Since when had you formed this design?"

"Since the 31st of May, when the deputies of the people were arrested. I have killed one man to save a hundred thousand. I was a republican long before the Revolution." Fauchet was confronted with her. "I only know Fauchet by sight," said she disdainfully. "I look on him as a man devoid of principles, and I despise him."

The accuser reproached her with having dealt the fatal stroke downward, in order to render it more certain, and observed that she must doubtless have been well exercised in crime. At this suggestion, which destroyed all her ideas, by assimilating her to professed murderers, she uttered a cry of horror. "Oh, the monster!" exclaimed she, "he takes me for an assassin!"

Fouquier Tinville summoned up, and demanded that sentence of death should be passed.

Her defender rose.

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"Whose is this tomb?" sings the German poet, Klopstock. "It is the tomb of Charlotte. Let us gather flowers and scatter them over her ashes, for she is dead for her country. No, no, gather nothing; let us seek a weeping willow, and plant it o'er her tomb, for she is dead for her country.—No, no, plant nothing; but weep, and let your tears be blood, for she is dead in vain for her country!"

Vergniaud, on learning, in his dungeon, of the crime, trial, and death of Charlotte, exclaimed—"She destroys us, but she teaches us how to die."

Marriage Customs.

MARRIAGE IN DIFFERENT NATIONS.

FROM THE NEW YORK DISPATCH.

We know little of the marriage ceremonies of the Egyptians, Assyrians and other nations of antiquity, and as their various public ceremonies are described with minuteness, there is reason to suppose that weddings were attended with no peculiar observances.

But when we come to the history of Grecian civilization and refinement, we find marriage vows consecrated by a variety of beautiful and emblematic ceremonies, characteristic of that elegant and imaginative people.

Even in the heroic ages there was a meeting of relations and neighbors, when the happy couple was presented with a basket of acorns and bread, and there were feastings and rejoicings, more or less abundant, according to the ability of the parties.

In those later times of which we have a more particular account, the parties were betrothed, by the father or guardian saying to the intended bridegroom: "I give you this, my daughter, to make you the father of legitimate children;" after which the young couple plighted their faith to each other by a kiss and joining together the right hands. The Thebans plighted their troth at the monument of Iolaus, who, after his apotheosis, was supposed to have taken love affairs under his peculiar care. The Athenian maidens, as soon as marriageable, made offerings of little baskets of curiosities, at the shrine of Diana, to appease her anger with them for wishing to leave the number of her chaste followers. Jupiter, Juno, Minerva, and especially Venus and the Graces, were on marriage occasions propitiated with many offerings and ceremonies. These generally took place the day before marriage, when the parties, having cut off some of their hair, presented it to such deities as they most regarded.

On the morning of the marriage, solemn sacrifices were made, and as soon as the victims were slain, they were opened, and the gall bladders taken out and thrown behind the altar, to intimate that all gall and bitterness must be left behind. The entrails were then carefully inspected for omens of good or bad fortune. If favorable, all were filled with joy—if otherwise, the nuptials were delayed or broken off. Superstitious imaginations looked elsewhere for signs of prosperity or adversity. If a pair of turtle doves appeared in the air, the fidelity and happiness of the parties were considered secure, but if one appeared alone, it infallibly denoted separation and all the ills attending an unhappy marriage.

If we may believe the ancient writers, these matters were sometimes arranged by the friends or enemies of the parties; an envious, discarded suitor would manage to throw the wedding party into consternation by letting fly a single dove, while officious friends would have pairs of them concealed, that they might appear at the proper moment. There are few superstitions which are not played upon by some such ingenious devices.

The bride and bridegroom, elegantly dressed, were further adorned with garlands of flowers, and cakes, made of the seeds of a plant remarkable for its fruitfulness, were distributed to the company. The house of the bridegroom, prepared for the wedding procession, was also ornamented with garlands, and a pestle was tied to the door, while a maid carried a seive, and the bride bore an earthen vessel of barley; all emblematic of her housewifery employments. The procession was by night, and lighted with torches. First came singers and dancers, then the bride in a chariot, seated between her husband and one of his friends.

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vage invention, Jupiter, N. J. Victor, Elena, and the precious Parthenia. The bride was then led by two young children to the house of her husband; bedded her was carried a cord, and a crook of lentisk, in which was his clothing; at the entrance she was sprinkled with sacred water; and was met with garlands of flowers and evergreens; she was presented with fire and water, and her husband's relations. It was customary to marry, not by giving her real name, but by repeating that of Caia, a Roman matron famous for her chaste and conjugal virtues.

There were other ceremonies to be performed, before the bride crossed the threshold. She put wool upon the door, and rubbed it with oil, which she was carefully carried over the threshold, which it was very unlucky for her to touch on her first entrance. Immediately on her entrance, all the keys of the house were delivered to her, and a share with the wool upon it, was given her to sit upon, to signify that the bulk charge of all domestic affairs, and was expected to provide them for the family. The newly married pair were conducted to the regular chamber; the bridegroom undressed him to the children, and marriage was then very sung or among the Greeks. The next day the husband gave a public entertainment, when the bride appearing on the same couch with him at table, invited familiarity between them and to her discourse, thereof such a contract in not virgin modesty, that in Rome, when a woman talked too free ly, they said, "She talks like a bride!"

Original Essay.

CHAPTERS ON NEWSPAPERS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY AMBROSE GWINN.

II.—EDITORS AND WRITERS.

Every one must see that the power of the newspaper is great, and that this responsibility of its conductors is therefore mighty; and ought by them never to be forgotten. An old editor of a newspaper, who had retired from it to spend the rest of the time of Europe, very wisely wrote that to his successor:—

"I am most free in and for the paper. There is no escape from this voluntary, and yet life long slavery. For now nearly two years, I have known the willing, voluntary, unbroken service which the true servant of a press must render. My weekly change has been none that I can have, and often like the slave described with such pathetic eloquence by Job, I have 'longed for the shadow' which tells the hour of rest. How little do the majority of readers think of the expenditure of thought, of the labor of the heart and brain and hands, which goes to make up that which minister to their wants! And how, for the many truths, thought out with brain-throes, presented, transformed, even if not received with intolerant hostility. Nevertheless, the true man must work, and work, in the inertia—spirit—contented even with the thought that his mere toilers, when he has laid him down in the dust, will constitute a kind of monument and honorable epitaph upon which the gracious and eternal temple of truth shall stand."

The talent and enterprise connected with the editorship of newspapers are very far beyond the opinion generally entertained of the matter, and must greater than have yet met with a fair compensation. Many of the first men in England, as well as in the country, including not a few legislators, have risen from the press. Even a good reporter must be so familiar with the classics as with his mother tongue; and no other ought to be a living Encyclopedia. In periods of high excitement, it is said that the London Times will clear quite a hundred dollars, or twenty guineas, for a leader or editorial of half a column; and it is well known there are a few writers for the press around from Sometimes at State, and other members of the Cabinet. Nor do they at all proceed from their high stations when they thus become the instructors of millions.

It will be readily seen that the most common danger into which editors are likely to fall is that of desiring to proceed alone. It seems logical, however, that this does very much harm. As Dr. Johnson said to Mrs. Thrale, "they sting one, but as fly stings a horse; and the reader will not ruminate." He friend Longino also tells us, that more than one modestly produced a newspaper in which there was a letter of weight above of Sir Isabella Reynolds, of which she knows not the author, a charm, "Pray," said he, "let us have it read from beginning to end?" which being done, he with a judicious remembrance, and directing him to lead to any particular person, called out, "Ah! we all love after all this matter." When a scene in the sun meets with newspaper clause, follow it online up his mind about its importance, he will ask who wrote it, and why? and will govern himself accordingly.

In our intercourse with brethren of the craft we have often been struck with their readiness in the production of powerful articles, which are out of ways even useless. We were stopped into a printing office about an hour before a paper was to be published, with an important article of political news; the editor read, I handed it to his compositor, and having in exactly forgotten their place of knowledge, he read it "on case," and in a twelve minutes composed, corrected, and published that which was completed as soon as the article of intelligence, set forth its full power in their columns, evading their admiration and delight. An English volume of "Anecdotes of Books and Authors," says that in Spain, "the Abbe Don Vincent Vernon, who was brought up a printer, and worked as a compositor for some time at The Madrid Evening Post. In this situation he gave many humorous proofs of the versatility of his genius, and the promptness of his poetical fancy:—His employers contracted with him to supply a short article of poetry for every day's publication, at a very small sum. One day, having forgotten this part of his engagement till he was reminded of it by a fellow-workman, and the day then being too far advanced to think of fulfilling it without out, he chastised the assistance of another compositor, and then, on the spur of the moment, while he himself composed the first and last lines of a couplet, he dictated the rest to his workmate; and in this manner, with the assistance of another, and without the least premeditation, he produced a very pretty piece of poetry."

We must, however, come from more to the composition of a paper commenced as Poughkeepsie, N. York, in which it would take us hour space of time properly to compose. We have in the hands of The Lancastrian, and its various departments were distributed by the following rules:—"Inscribe Bungage Cat," "Music Cat," &c. We hope to have "a fine cake."

We have wished to have studied the history of Letters, it will occasion no surprise that editors suffer both mind and purse. In and that Dr. Franklin's mother-in-law also entered that the young man had a character for her daughter, that the good old lady and the family knew almost going her daughter to a printer—there were already two printing offices in Philadelphia, and she feared that they could not be supported. It was plain that young Franklin was destined for the career of his family on the profits of a third, and she was active a decided opposition to the match. Franklin was urged by a would-be-son-in-law when there was but two printing offices in the United States, now on a greater number in a little town of Maine's family men, when they are numbered by thousands!

Take a modern instance, which a New York paper—and newspaper, of course, always tell the truth—declares is a fact:—

"A gentleman, called Doolittle, educated at Harvard University, and a native of Connecticut, was transported South to aid a violent party paper in a violent support of the measures of existing administration. He was a lawyer, but a strong influence in promoting the fortunes of Polk and said his mission was success; was stabbed twice and three times, once, well relapsed; once thrown into a horse pond; he congratulated that he once again never having been hanged. He retained upon his treatment of the press two or three hundred no doubt more, and then he departed for more peaceful latitudes."

It is a painful fact, but nevertheless true, that not a few newspapers, in England, have been of their very able circulation by base libels and assults offered by their editors to the most worthy members of society. This was the case with the Age, a London paper, patronized by not a few of the clergy, who ought to have discountenanced it. Their successful trial for scandal and libel, and the vast pain after that to rapid succession, during the first year of its publication, a libel was printed as an unusual advertisement, and contained the circulation of the paper, the only objection complained by the libels.

It is well known that the paper of which we are speaking, was edited by the talented and facetious Theodore Hook, who more very narrowly escaped an accordingly punishment for the publication of this contested scandal. He had published a statement, that a Colonel connected with a public office, who made no secret that he intended to cash a check for a most application of the honest money. The editor found that he was coming, and made his arrangements accordingly, being quite ready for what he regarded as a suitable reception. Full of martial fury, the Colonel walked all in the Theodore Hook's house, and, without sending in his name, having barricaded the wicket the rising noise of the regiment, with which he appeared, and partially recovered and opened the door, he found his wife at the counter to see "the editor." He was told that he was not at home, and that he was "the editor" would wait upon him immediately. Luckily for the Colonel, he was not up there the room during the interval, flourishing his weapon of vengeance. In a short time the door opened, and a gentleman came out of the front parlor, and, seeing but two in height, and about in proportion, did in which still composition. Let it be remembered that the Colonel was a man of great muscular power, and should be pause in just the scene as a first class paper, as on the moment and pursuit of the small reporter.

Varieties.

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER

Here's a beautiful story of lowly flourishing in the midst of the country. From the most one dangerous place, in you see blushing and simple, and the heart of the world is mutually that through, by a pair of eyes, and modest away in a best-fitting attire that you have dropped off till the morning. Then you have met for a premeditation. And gladly, if the heart of the maid is not already fluttering from the English of prayer, will be embraced this, so that you behind back and you through the window-sash by-by.

It Prairie all was quiet. The National Anthem and not yet understand whether it would or not be the young people of Ireland, if any thing further was to be done, and, especially the latter of them in a common feeling of reverence to the Queen, and of thankfulness to God, that the country had been preserved from the effects of the conspiracy. And gladly, if the Queen's health was drunk with enthusiasm by the English people, will be embraced this, so that they might be left to their own feelings.

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But no conflict of that kind have a very pure opinion of the people of Ireland, if any thing further was to be done, and, especially the latter of them in a common feeling of reverence to the Queen, and of thankfulness to God, that the country had been preserved from the effects of the conspiracy. And gladly, if the Queen's health was drunk with enthusiasm by the English people, will be embraced this, so that they might be left to their own feelings.

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United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:
SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1849.

TO POSTMASTERS.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will not be offended at the new form we have given to the mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers to increase their list, they will favor us with a call whether it will be worth our while to send them some specimen bound. And yet every exertion will be made to keep up the form in the present style, and the kindness become more light. Those who have not yet sent their subscriptions will be kind enough to become the bearers of the same, and we will not hesitate to send the paper to them for one year without charge.

Postmasters and others sending for a club, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address when they can do so conveniently.

NOTICE.

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed from, as well as the Post Office to which it is to be sent.

Persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State as well as the Post Office, to prevent delay.

Post Masters or others sending for a club, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address when they can do so conveniently.

EUROPEAN AFFAIRS.

We have received our regular files of the week's steamship from Europe. The American, which arrived in Boston on Tuesday morning, after 9 days and eight hours—including a detention at Halifax of eight hours, on account of the fog. This is the shortest passage ever made between the two continents.

The Roman Government have pushed the preconfiage against Mitchell to the farthest extent—to having been convicted, and sentenced to ten years to Bermuda, there to be incarcerated as a common felon on board a dock-yard hulk. This is the severest punishment that the political spirit of the man, coupled not in the least. He declared in his own defence in the Court that he regarded him "as a cruel-cut," and avowed that his sentiments were those of "a rebel and traitor." He objected to the opinion of "mixage"—quoting from Blackstone, that "a man is not to be punished for his opinions"—and also to the jurisdiction, besides its unsustainable squandering of the public money. The English Government, and the Members of Congress have a right to the same recompense for their services—but by the operation of the "mixage" principle, the Irish people have to pay for the support of the Irish members, and the members from the far North, South and West, receive the same compensation as those living on the Staten Island to the East of Government. It is true that the Irish people have a representation in Congress, but they have not the power to control—to put in the hands of their representatives the right to vote on the question of the "mixage" principle. The "vote" will decrease the number of members from Ireland, and will not relieve, but in cases where both can get in, not a word will be breathed in the House against the principle of political watch-towers. In conclusion, we would encourage Mr. Holmes to persevere in the course he has taken, and we would say to the political puppet, that if they fail to get a seat in Congress, they will be sure to get a well-deserving take all back, if they will present this matter of "mixage," in its true light, to their readers.

MISCHIEF MAKERS.

According to a recent census, there are in Paris, 30,000 persons who live entirely by gambling-houses and watch-women without employment. As idleness is the root of all mischief, and gambling the root of idleness, trouble is always brewing in Paris.

Let it be remembered by Americans, that the offenses of these one hundred and seventy-five thousand persons are not to be charged to the account of the Republic. At the second meeting of the Universal Peace Congress, held in London, one hundred members were admitted, including one hundred clergymen, making in all about two hundred members. One of the members attended that in the next meeting there hundred more Congresses would apply for admission. Now, as the Peace Society, which England numbers 1,000 members, and in Germany 2,000, and in France 3,000, and in Switzerland 4,000, and in Belgium 5,000, and in Holland 6,000, and in Italy 7,000, and in Spain 8,000, and in Portugal 9,000, and in Russia 10,000, and in Turkey 11,000, and in Persia 12,000, and in China 13,000, and in Japan 14,000, and in India 15,000, and in Africa 16,000, and in America 17,000, and in Australia 18,000, and in New Zealand 19,000, and in the South Sea Islands 20,000, and in the North Sea Islands 21,000, and in the West Indies 22,000, and in the East Indies 23,000, and in the West Indies 24,000, and in the East Indies 25,000, and in the West Indies 26,000, and in the East Indies

United States SATURDAY POST.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1848.

ANNEXATION.

Several marriages have taken place recently in Mexico, of Americans to Mexican girls. We find in a cotemporary, the following account of one of those matches:—

"Captain Head, who commanded the printer's company on the Rio Grande in 1846, was married night before last, to Senorita Micaelita Villa Lobos, of this city. The knot was tied by Parson Goss, Chaplain of the Kentucky Brigade. The girl is about fourteen years old, handsome, and apparently intelligent. She cannot speak English, nor Head Spanish, and it has not yet been decided, I believe, which shall be the language learned. It is customary in this country for the bridegroom to take the bride to his own house on the night of marriage, which house he has to furnish, as well as every stitch of clothing she wears on the night of marriage. About twelve o'clock at night, the hour for separating, Sam mustered together enough Spanish for "let us go," and tapping her on the shoulder, gave the well known *vamos*, and taking her under his arm, led her off to the Lafayette, though she seemed reluctant to leave her mamma. I asked Sam the next morning how he managed to get along without speaking the language. He answered that they soon understood one another, that there was an eye and lip language, as universally known as music. The Star thinks this the best way to annex Mexico—take the daughters first, and the mothers will soon follow. I believe that were not *los Americanos* afraid of the Lepero *influence* after the departure of the army, there would be much more of the annexing business. I assure you the temptation, in some instances, is no little."

DAYS OF GRACE.

A very important case has lately been decided in New Orleans, which appears to have created considerable excitement in that city; and the decision will, if confirmed by the Supreme Court of Louisiana, lead to a revolution in the system of drawing drafts upon this and other Northern cities. It seems that a certain banking firm in New Orleans had drawn several bills payable at sight, upon their correspondent banking establishment in New York, which bills were not paid on presentation, the drawers failing between the time of the drawing of the bills in New Orleans, and their arrival in New York. The bills were protested on the first day of presentation and refusal to pay, and returned for recourse against the drawers. The latter being sued, pleaded in defence that three days of grace were not allowed on the bills, and that the demand and protest should have been made on the third day following the first demand. The holders of the bills replied, that by custom of merchants in New York, no days of grace upon sight bills were given, and that it was usual to protest on first refusal, and offered to prove this by the evidence of a number of Exchange dealers. To the introduction of evidence to this effect, the defendants (drawers of the bills) objected, because the elementary writers and the various judicial dicta held very positively that days of grace must be given on sight drafts, and no evidence of custom could be admitted, to control or vary positive law. The learned judge concurred with the defendants' counsel, and the plaintiffs, holders of the bills, were nonsuited.

LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

Materials of slight texture are much in demand. Mousselines de soie of every color, barèges, palmyriennes, and a new material partaking of the poil de chevre, with jaconets and organdys in Persian patterns; silk dresses of fancy stripes of the palest colors are made with three flounces on bias; the upper one, rounded off, rises gradually, diminishing to the waist, and is continued on the corsage, forming double revers. For demi toilette, the form of the corsage varies but little; they are generally open, with revers or chale, the sleeve moderately wide, particularly at the bottom, dropping on the arm, or admitting the under sleeve of clear muslins; the skirts with very deep flounces. It is only when required for carriage wear or dejeunes that the dresses are ornamented by coquilles, ruches, &c.; if ribbon, all are made of a length to give freedom to the feet; barege dresses are ornamented with deep bias flounces, edged with small gimp, or tucks of graduated size to the waist. Redingotes are still made a la Puritaine, ornamented by gimp trimmings; dresses of thin materials have the corsages made full; many redingotes are made with corsages a la Dubarry. The bonnets of the season are of moderate size, demi evasee, close at the ears, with round crowns; very pretty ones are made of paille de riz, with the capote crown of taffetas glace, and some are trimmed with ruches of taffetas, so delicately pinked as to imitate moss, in pink, white or blue, encircling the edge bavolet; it also forms trimmings on the crown.

DIVORCE.

The London Times says that the laws in relation to marriage in France are to be materially altered. In the projected changes of M. Cremieux, the condemnation of one party to an infamous punishment shall be ground of severance. Mutual consent of husband and wife, and expressed in a manner prescribed by law with the conditions imposed by the law, shall be a ground of divorce. A placard printed on red paper had been posted on the walls in Paris, calling a meeting of all females sincerely devoted to Republican principles, at the Place Vendome, to express to Citizen Cremieux their gratitude for his advocacy of the principle of divorce. This movement is rather repulsive to English and American notions.

From Washington.

CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

SENATE.

On the 13th, a petition was presented by Mr. Hale, from the citizens of Ohio, for the removal of the seat of government to Cincinnati, in consequence of the slave trade being carried on in the District of Columbia. The motion to receive the petition was objected to, and it was consequently laid upon the table.

Mr. Hale asked leave to withdraw the petition, which led to an interesting debate between Messrs. Hale, Bagby, Mangum and Niles. The leave to withdraw it was finally refused, by a vote of yeas 7, nays 31.

Agreeably to notice, Mr. Webster asked and obtained leave to bring in a bill, which was read twice by unanimous consent, and referred to the Committee on the Judiciary. It is for the purpose of so amending the Naturalization Laws that the children of citizens of the United States, born abroad, shall be entitled to their privileges as American citizens. In offering the bill, Mr. Webster explained that under a strict construction of the existing laws, the children of American parents born abroad were not citizens of the United States.

Mr. Berrien moved to take up the joint resolution passed by the House for the adjournment of Congress on the 17th of July. An interesting debate took place, in which Messrs. Davis, of Mississippi, Berrien, Bagby, Dayton, Atherton, Dickinson, Butler, Rusk and Calhoun participated, after which the motion was rejected by a vote of 16 to 21.

The resolution from the House directing the removal of the pole and lantern from the dome of the Capitol, was adopted.

On the 14th, Mr. Borland, from the Military Committee, reported the bill providing for the payment for horses and other property lost in the military service in Mexico, with an amendment, which was adopted, and the bill was then read a third time and passed.

The joint resolution from the House, providing for the payment of Col. Curtis's Texas Regiment, was taken up, amended and passed.

On motion, the Senate laid aside the consideration of the morning business, and proceeded to the consideration of the Indian Appropriation Bill, as the regular order of the day.

The question pending being upon Mr. Bell's amendment relative to the payment of commutation money to the Cherokees remaining in North Carolina, the mover spoke at some length in its favor.

The discussion of the subject was continued by Messrs. Mangum, Calhoun, Niles, Berrien, Butler and Webster, who all advocated its passage, and by Mr. Atherton, who opposed it. After which, the amendment was adopted by a vote of 22 to 17.

Mr. Rusk offered an amendment appropriating $10,000 for the payment of expenses in establishing an Indian Agency in Texas. A debate ensued, in which Messrs. Bell, Rusk, Atherton and others took part, after which the amendment was rejected by a vote of 17 to 22.

On the 15th, the Vice President laid before the Senate a Report from the Secretary of War, in relation to the warriors of the Creek Indians killed in the Florida war.

A message was received from the House, with the joint resolution providing for the transportation and discharge of the Volunteers and temporary troops at the close of the war. Mr. Benton moved its immediate consideration, and proposed an amendment providing three months' extra pay to the commissioned officers discharged.

Mr. Cameron offered an amendment to the amendment, including in this provision non commissioned officers, musicians and privates. After some debate, the subject was informally laid aside.

Mr. Berrien, from the Committee on the Judiciary, reported a bill for the extension of the Naturalization Laws, introduced by Mr. Webster, with an amendment. After some debate, the amendment was adopted, and the bill was laid aside informally.

On motion, 5,000 copies of the war correspondence and 20,000 copies of the proceedings of the Senate on the Mexican treaty, were ordered to be printed.

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NEW PROSPECTUS.

ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

TRULY A MAMMOTH SHEET.

REDUCED PRICES TO CLUBS.

The Proprietors of the SATURDAY EVENING POST, satisfied from the experience of the last two years that it is the "manifest destiny" of their paper, to take its stand at the very head of the weekly press, have resolved to make the Post more worthy than ever of its high position. They accordingly now have the pleasure of calling the attention of the public to the fact, that the POST has been

GREATLY ENLARGED.

This enlargement enables them to lay the equivalent of eight more columns of reading, before their subscribers weekly—being in fact an addition of one-fourth to the old area of the paper.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED ARTICLES.

Its Original Tales, Sketches, Essays, &c., shall be of the highest character. The faults of no article can be overlooked, from a foolish respect for its originality.

Its Selected Articles will be procured from first sources; and the readers of the POST may depend upon finding in its pages the best Tales, Essays, &c., that appear either in the foreign or domestic magazines. Thus laying the whole English and American world under contribution.

ENGRAVINGS.

Engravings of various kinds, *in moderation*, also shall not be forgotten. But the POST shall never be allowed to degenerate into a mere show bill, to be looked at for a moment, and then tossed to the children to play with.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

Our Original Contributors are the *AUTHORS OF AMERICA*. We always hold ourselves ready to purchase articles offered to us, at a price proportioned to their merits. But authors whose writings are of a ridiculously exaggerated and immoral character, may save themselves and us the trouble of sending them for examination. The Post is a family paper—*and no article not calculated to enter the family circle can be admitted into its columns.*

OUR TERMS.

The terms of the enlarged POST to single subscribers will remain the same, viz.: $2.00 per annum, in advance; $3.00, if not paid in advance. For $5.00 in advance, one copy will be sent 4 years.

REDUCED TERMS TO CLUBS.

In order to accommodate that large number of persons who wish to take a first class paper, but mistakingly think they cannot afford it, we have concluded *to reduce our terms to clubs*, sent to one address, as follows:

4 COPIES,	. . . .	$5.00	PER ANNUM.
8 "	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the club)	$10.00	"
13 "	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the club)	$15.00	"
20 "	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the club)	$20.00	"

THREE COPIES of the Saturday Evening Post, and ONE of either Graham's Magazine or Godey's Lady's Book for SIX DOLLARS.

FIVE COPIES of the Saturday Evening Post, and TWO of either Graham's Magazine or Godey's Lady's Book for TEN DOLLARS.

THREE COPIES of the Saturday Evening Post, and TWO of the Ladies Garland for FIVE DOLLARS.

SIX COPIES of the Saturday Evening Post, and FOUR of the Ladies' Garland for TEN DOLLARS.

TWO COPIES of the Saturday Evening Post, and TWO of the Fountain, (containing 232 pages of original letter press, and 6 of Sartain's best Magazine engravings,) for FOUR DOLLARS.

A PREMIUM OFFER.

The premium offer made in the last Prospectus of the old firm, will be adhered to and continued. The offer is as follows:

The Post Office of any town in the Union, from which we shall receive the greatest number of subscribers to the Saturday Evening Post, during the year between the 1st of November, 1847, and the 1st of November, 1848, (the papers to be mailed to such Post Office, or to subscribers through it,) shall be entitled to a continuance of the whole number of the subscriptions *gratuitously*, for one year after the expiration of the year for which their subscriptions shall have been paid.

The papers will be continued on, either to the subscribers themselves or to the agents through whom we may receive the orders for quantities, and to whom the package or packages may be directed, or to both, if there should be both in the same town, as the case may be.

ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

The Money for Clubs must be always sent in advance. Subscriptions may be sent at our risk—(When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible. The cost of which may be deducted from the amount.) Address

DEACON & PETERSON, 98 CHESNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

☞ Editors copying the above, or a fair abstract of it, or who will give a notice of the new firm and enlarged paper (we ask not that they shall be *praised*, but be *noticed*) in their editorial columns, shall be entitled to an exchange. Such as are already entitled to an exchange for the current year, shall receive the thanks of the new firm.

...tain has engraved it in his finest style. It will be a valuable addition to the portrait gallery of every family, and as the name of old 'Rough and Ready,' will live to all time in our country's annals, a copy of this picture should grace every parlor."

The Philadelphia Inquirer remarks—"The veteran is represented as leaning upon his celebrated war-horse, 'Old Whitey,' and the print throughout is one of the most spirited and graphic that we have ever seen. The engraving is in Sartain's best style. As a parlor ornament, the print is strikingly attractive."

Price for single copies $3.00. A liberal deduction to clubs, associations and the trade when ordered in large numbers. Persons subscribing prior to the 1st of July, will be supplied with proof impressions.

☞ Persons remitting $5, by mail, postage paid, will be entitled to two copies, or for ten dollars four copies. It can be sent by mail without injury when no private opportunity offers.

Address, WM. SLOANAKER,
june 17 tf No. 98 Chesnut street.

"O TEMPORA! O MORES!"—CAUTION TO THE PUBLIC.—The only genuine "Dr. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY," has the written signature of the General Agent, WM. SPEAR, on the outside wrapper surrounding each bottle; this is believed to be the only article, bearing the above title, as emanating from the Doctor. The virtues of the Wild Cherry, for relieving affections of the Lungs, and that all-important organ, the Liver, has long enjoyed the confidence of domestic practice.

City of Philadelphia, ss.—William M. Spear, of the city of Philadelphia, being duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is in the possession of the original recipe for preparing a Balsam of Wild Cherry for affections of the Lungs, which was given to him by Dr. Wistar, a regularly educated Physician, [illegible]

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Selected Poetry.

SONG OF THE FLOWERS TO THE SUNBEAM.

BY ABEL LOWELL.

Then shinie way o' these gold,
Thedding the fleshy sky,
Then shine from deep, beautiful Old
And, all a morning gossamer sand,
Turbulent God fly
Then rollest through the leveling day,
Feeding the hungry flowers
Our lives like we upon thy,
Our little lips unclosed to say
"All this is ours!"

For but within the heart are healed
By the dear Father's hand
The sorrow-full colors sorely dashed,
That coming blood, pure and unstained
Two-spired the hand.

And, when thou wouldst so with sure,
We cattle invite to thee
Of all thy inner sweet love share,
By cheering the that sweet sweet sun
Shall shielded there.

Our sister violet lowly cowered—
The crockets but one low,
She hath hidden on the ground,
And hath no care to spread a crown around
Her style of love.

While the lone-shaped leaves the rose
Glorious by nectar try,
And when their hidden bee inclose,
Red morning clouds spread forth their sheets
Within her cup.

To thousand tints drawest the spring
And the grass so green,
Each yellow cuticle dost bring,
That they within the grass may thing
A many sheen.

But the great lily, high apart,
Lorten airs the colors begin
And drawest sheet as wash those eyes are,
Until her petals, glowing sheet
Dazzle relief in white.

Oh! say, the Sun, thy lamented God,
Blowest others, and more
That, now, now spread the shadows cold,
Fresh from the caverns thy morning,
And we must sleep.

Selected Articles.

EXPEDITION TO THE SUMMIT OF POPOCATAPETL.

FROM THE NEWSPAPER ENTERPRISE.

[The following detailed account, the first that has been published, of the ascent of the great volcano Popocatapetl, in Mexico, was furnished by an officer of the army in Mexico, who was one of the six that succeeded in reaching the crater. This mountain, which has never been exceeded since the time of Cortez, is the highest point of land in North America. The Spanish officer, who, in 1810, was the first known being that reached the summit, was rewarded by the crown of Spain for his courage and perseverance by being permitted to receive, for his coat of arms, the figure of a burning mountain.]

An escort having been granted, and an indefinite leave given by the general-in-chief to such officers as wished to go on the expedition, we started on Saturday, April 3rd. Arrangements had been made with some Mexicans for packed mules to carry our provisions, bedding, &c., but we were disappointed in not getting them; and we never had another evening before, of the enthusiasm of the family to horse, we were afraid, if we remained one day longer to obtain other mules, we might have our fancy countermanded, so we left almost as we were, with two exceptions.

As the ascent on the mountain is best prosecuted on the south side, and a less depth of snow also on that slope, we took the general direction of Ozumba, which is a town near the base of the mountain, and very near the point of ascending. We stopped the first night at Ayotla, and the second at Huamantico. Here we were shown some magnificent rooms; a few walls with some five or six arches, were all that remained, but the carving was more beautiful and elaborate than anything in the kind we have seen in the country. We were told by an old padre, that the ruin had been three hundred years in existence; but it was evidently the work of the Spaniards, as there was a band of our Saviour in his cradle, with figures bearing helmets and shields, as well as the cross of Spain.

On the 5th we reached Ozumba, having stopped an hour or two at Miss Fisons, (see the flowers,) the day previous, where we were very hospitably entertained by Mr. Robinson, a Scotchman, who is in charge of an extensive cotton manufactory. The same, I presumed, were all made at the Union Stores. There were the bale of bands, one week ing by day and the other by night. The yarn is carried from four to six tails per day.

When we reached Ozumba, a town of eight or ten thousand inhabitants, we found the road somewhat unprepossessing for our wagons, and called in the alcalde, who furnished us with pack mules, taking charge of our wagons until we should return.

We left Ozumba on the 6th. The alcalde went with us to Amecita, a little village some two miles further on, where we obtained two athletic young Indians as guides. Soon after leaving Amecita, our path began ascending, and continued to do so until we re-entered. The first night's encampment was at Ozumba was the ruins of a large house, which had extended some four thousand feet above the valley. The path was a narrow mule track by means, upon which the Indians packed wood down from the mountain sides; sometimes it was ten or fifteen feet below the surface, and the stains would get fast—again they would tumble over the hills of a gravelly soil, and down, down and all. Three occasioned delays; still we were in camp by three o'clock. We had ordered a place ordered "mesons," but in nothing but the ruins, was a large fish closed. We could hear it tumbler and see the lightning, while the rain fell in torrents over many the white valley of Mexico. Water we were, and to our left, extending into the main valley, was a large mountain height.—Towards night the clouds from above exchange on, and we had quiet and more, which continued all night.

Our party numbered nearly one hundred,—twenty-five officers of different corps, four or five citizens, thirty-five dragoons, and some forty Indians. We left our camp early the next morning. The ground was covered with snow, and the sun that quite sunshine. After ascending about a three miles, we reached the limits of vegetation, full pine trees, some of them one hundred or one hundred and twenty feet high, and three feet in the line. We were now about five thousand feet above the natural, so to straight, the air was very great more distinct. The wind had been rising from the time we left our camp, and was quite fresh. It was very cold, and in half an hour we were in a mixture of snow and rain. The farther we advanced, the more difficult was the ascent. It was necessary to rest every hour or five minutes, and then only a few steps could be taken. We had taken wet party, when numbered, were so fatigued, about thirty had become disheartened and gave over. The remainder had turned back, one by one, as they had become exhausted, until only fifteen of us remained. Of these, but six reached the summit, and we could with difficulty prevent him from flying down to camp.

As we had succeeded thus far in ascending but a little more than one-third of the height, and as the snow was half-knee deep, we concluded to give up our attempt and make preparations to go back. We reached camp about four o'clock, having been exposed the more than five hours at a most fatiguing exercise. The descent was one of the figure of climbing more but a small part of our difficulties, for in climbing we had to cut steps at our feet, but our object had but some favors, and others their fingers. We were some-what discouraged by this, still we made arrangements to try again the following day. Before sundown, one began to complain of a disagreeable sensation in the ears and some every one of the party, who had been exposed, was suffering very much from the cold. Our camp presented a singular scene that night and on the following morning; the men had put some twenty cabins there were very much crowded, and not room to stretch out we could not sleep. Some of us thought that our exertions had been very great. The morning found us no better, and the hours in our camp so deserted to the last. It was impossible to see so many of us gasping our lung there seems no relief from the decline of the mountain.

There were two foreigners—Englishmen, I believe —who had come out from the city with us, for the purpose of accompanying the mountain with our party. They had reached the summit in company of the others, during our trial, and, instead of going down to the valley with us, they started upward, thinking they would be able to succeed in reaching the summit. We exercised their sight of the last of the mountain, and reached Amecameca the next day. There the Indians joined us. They had succeeded in reaching the summit on Friday, and a small some five thousand feet from the summit, when one of them began spitting blood, and they were compelled to descend. After some discussion, the majority of our party decided that it was impossible to reach the top, and had another attempt was useless. Some had a desire or or thought to would make the trial. Our open snow surprised us, we better stood frequently with a solution of sugar of lead, and proceeded somewhat with great speed. Before noon we reached the region of ice and snow, and then we were obliged to use our poles to assist us in walking. Our feet were very much fatigued, and about two or three miles beyond the "cavern," were the limited vegetation which the cross-bar of our party had given a portion to. Mexico, by the way, is composed of our dollars, and the balance in Connecticut, to what a widowhood view, which would in some measure repay them for their toils and trouble.

We left our camp on the morning of the 10th, before 3 o'clock; the moon was shining, and we had no more cut much trouble. The ride had entirely exhausted all. Still we had several precipices to cross our previous trial, for we were much further advanced than we supposed. At 8 o'clock we were at the summit. We were now about five thousand feet above the natural, and the snow became so deep that we could not proceed. We were now about two miles from the crater, and the snow became so deep that we could not proceed. We were now about two miles from the crater, and the snow became so deep that we could not proceed. We were now about two miles from the crater